The
COMMONWEAL

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Epic of Rescue

MAN'S ZEAL for destroying his fellows, his devotion to the art and technique of this destruction, is as old as time. It is the doing of the Christian Faith that zeal for saving his fellow should subsequently have taken its place in man's heart and mind, balancing even though it has not banished the willingness or the need to destroy. And by an anomaly perhaps, but surely a noble anomaly deeply becoming to human nature, life seems prized mostly highly, is rescued most bravely, precisely at those periods when life is being spilt like water. Every war has this accompanying drama of mercy played out according to a logic higher than the logic of killing. But though we take the principle so much for granted, we never tire of its examples. One such, and thrilling indeed, has just come to light in the official citation for bravery of twenty civilians who rescued the trapped seamen in the capsized *Oklahoma* at Pearl Harbor. Some hours after the warship had overturned, tappings from the interior were overheard by a motorboat scooting by. A crew of mechanics was sent out to try to effect a rescue of the tappers—twenty men with pneumatic drills and no protection from bombs and gunfire. Working as steadily as they could, and flattening down against the hull when the firing got too violent, they slowly chipped through, first the hull, then the manholes of intervening decks, and finally the chambers—four in all—where sailors were trapped while water rose about them half-inch by half-inch. The task was one that called for more than steady nerves; there was the difficult problem of placing the apertures and timing the drilling, so as not to disturb too violently the air pressure in the sealed chambers which kept the sea from rushing in to drown the men. The final act of the rescue illustrates what delicate skill was called into play. An oil tank was cut through, the rescuers dropped onto its floor, and then, piercing the last manhole, amid water, fumes and pressure, cupped their hands over the opening, letting air in finger by finger. The sailors below were up to their armpits by that time, but all eight of them were saved.

France Is Not Alone

THE STATE and nature of defeated France—the community of Frenchmen living in protracted uncertainty—has an importance which transcends strategical considerations. Were there no French fleet to be kept out of German hands, were there no Madagascar, nor any French colonies isolated and exposed to occupation by Axis forces, were there no Dakar, France still would compel our anxious interest. France is no Finland, no Greece, to be adulated one day, dismissed the next. Either across any barrier of circumstances, persisting through any captivity, the French people are fraternally one with our people in the experimentation of freedom which a common civilization has been making throughout the centuries, or we are forced to admit that military defeat can shatter the spiritual unity on which our culture is based. The only escape from this dilemma is to say that each and every nation is alone, cloistered from others, unpenetrated by a common heritage. In our view France cannot be foreign to our life, France is a sector of our life exposed presently to a perilous test of endurance, doubly threatened by the pressure and attraction of the conqueror and by a certain spiritual exhaustion. Should France fail, then, under similar circumstances, we might fail.

That is why we have sought to separate that which in France's plight is inevitable and that which may still be determined by the choice and courage of the French. We have attempted to define that zone of defeat and humiliation in which the Vichy Government necessarily represents and is inseparable from the French people. We have shown that a certain "collaboration" with the conqueror is an inevitable condition of defeat. We have maintained that a certain refusal to accept German ideology and spiritual penetration is the constant and living determination of the mass of the French nation. Without losing ourselves in an insecure analysis of per-

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sonal motives, we have assumed that this will to resist is shared by many of the forces represented in Vichy, and that in the few cases where it is not so shared, there exists a clear rupture between the will of the people and the men who would betray that will. We have discounted any deliberate attempt on the part of the Vichy Government to collaborate with Germany against America. We have constantly supported the policy of maintaining relations with Vichy since inescapably the *de facto* government of France resides in France.

And we have never concealed the fact that our anxiety has centered round the attempts by certain elements in the French Government to bypass the will of the people and, under cover of the emergency, install in France a paternalistic authoritarian régime. Pretexting the reform of the Republic, we have seen in such efforts a threat against those creative liberties which the French acquired at great cost and made universally comprehensible and glorious. That is why we condemned the Riom trial: not because it sought to burden with responsibility for defeat men—Daladier, Léon Blum—whom it now permits to show such courage, but because in ordering the trial the Government sought to inaugurate and sanction a break in continuity with the Republic. Such a break in Franch would entail a diminution of our own hopes and confidence.

Political Strength in Latin America

MOST of the Latin American news printed in this country during the past week concerned measures taken against Axis agents and "penetrators." Generally, the news was political and, in spite of the reluctance of Argentina and Chile, favorable for Pan Americanism and for the United States.

The foundation of our enthusiastic support of a concentrated and strong Good Neighbor and Pan American policy is the belief that inter-American friendship, cooperation and increasing unity is as beneficial for the Latin American nations as for the United States. The war makes the whole movement tenser and more specialized, but it does not change its character. The background fact of capital practical importance, especially in wartime, is the relative looseness of Latin American development compared with that of the US and the great European powers and Japan: Latin America's relative sparseness of population, her less developed communications, less industrial society, less tightly organized political economy and state system. In these circumstances, for war needs, it appears inevitable that the United States should be greatly interested in: (1) the ability of Central and South America to defend themselves with army and navy; (2) their production of war materials; (3) the development of Latin American striking force; (4) a secure political line-up there, favorable to Pan Americanism, which now features in the news.

John C. Campbell concludes an article, "Political Extremes in South America," in the current *Foreign Affairs* with this paragraph:

> To try to fit all the varied phenomena of South American politics into the framework of a simple struggle between progressive forces, which favor the democracies in this war, and reactionaries and nationalists, who favor the Axis, is not justified. Nor is it to be expected that in a time of crisis like this the officials who direct the policies of the United States will feel like peering too closely behind the façade of continental solidarity to find out who is a sincere democrat and who is not. Unless the façade cracks, we are content to leave things as they are. But in the long run if we are to win the support of the peoples of South America, as distinct from their governments, we shall have to learn to recognize our natural friends and our natural foes when we meet them. The Axis powers learned to do that long ago.

But if we are to make the influence of the US democratic, and if we are to avoid impossible difficulties, we must avoid the Axis pattern of interference by fifth column control of Latin American groups, and imposition of all our own domestic judgments and prejudices upon countries which ought to be free. We are more or less forced to accept the "façade," if that means the *de facto* governments, and are not likely to arouse resentment by doing so. Our direct help to the South American people in developing their military and naval and economic power will certainly have indirect political effect upon the whole people favorable to Pan Americanism. We are fully free to advance our political conceptions by pratical example. At present, at least, we can carry our story by proper methods of propaganda, and there is no prospect of our being cut off from contact with the peoples of our Good Neighbors by their governments. The great danger, in Latin America as everywhere, is that these years breed most extreme political factions which are intolerant and totalitarian in their demands. Identification with one of these extremes in Latin America, even if superficially and temporarily it seems to favor our side, would make the United States (or any other outsider) a party to a divisive revolution. In so far as we are fighting against totalitarianism and for liberty, we must guard against the imposition in South or North America of the revolutionary pattern of Right or Left which constitutes defeat in our war.

Federal Council Peace Report

IN A RECENT COMMENT dealing with fruitful interfaith relations Jacques Maritain observes that it is in the social sphere that Catholics, Protestants and Jews can find their strongest bases for agreements. The force of this observation comes convincingly to mind the more we examine in detail the reports adopted at the "National Study Conference at Delaware, Ohio, March 3-5, 1942,

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under the auspices of the Commission on a Just and Durable Peace of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America." The theology of the preamble and certain sections specifically on the church are the chief points at which differences between Catholics and Protestants would arise. But even the "guiding principles" section of the report indicate clearly how much there is in common.

Here are a few of these principles:

> We believe that moral law, no less than physical law, undergirds our world. . . . If mankind is to escape chaos and recurrent war, social and political institutions must be brought into conformity with this moral order. . . . We believe that the sickness and suffering which afflict our present society are proof of indifference to, as well as direct violation of, the moral law. All share in responsibility for the present evils. . . . Amid the darkness and tragedy of the world of today we are upheld by faith that the kingdom of this world will become the Kingdom of Christ and that he shall reign forever and ever.

When it comes to the "political bases" for a just and lasting peace there are many planks in the platform with which Catholic peace organizations are now sympathetic. The report insists that "there should be no punitive reparations, no humiliating decrees of war guilt, and no arbitrary dismemberment of nations." Considerable attention is devoted to the colonial question. Sound

> advance toward self-government should be carried forward in substantial progress. The affairs of peoples deemed not yet capable of self-government should be administered as a common trust, by international authority, in the interest of these peoples as members of a world society.

Most striking of all is the harmony between the social and economic phases of this report and the social encyclicals: "Every man should have the opportunity to share in the ownership of both personal and productive property, such as a home, a farm and economic enterprises . . . that labor be given an increasing responsibility for and participation in industrial management . . . agriculture has a dual importance both as a way of making a living and as a basis of family and community life. . . . "

Social principles include:

> Man is a child of God and all men are brothers one of another. The whole earth is given by God and to all men for their common dwelling place, and the resources of the earth should be used as his gifts for the whole human family. . . . Six million young men in the prison camps of the world; scores of millions of refugees—homeless, helpless, starving; whole regions subjected to slow starvation as a result of the policies of states—these and kindred areas of desperate suffering inflicted upon masses of innocent victims challenge the Church to a demonstration of its basic doctrines of human solidarity and brotherhood in a potential family of God. . . .

A Few Lights Burn

FOR many months THE COMMONWEAL has been publishing editorials on the injustices to which Negroes have been subject in the United States at war. The last week or two has seen a whole bouquet of happier stories in the news, and if it is proper to take umbrage at what is bad, it is equally proper to point out what is good.

One of the most alarming aspects of the whole problem has been the silence of the major and popular press. All the more welcome is a scorching comment in the March 28 *Collier's*. The editor merely recites the facts of the lynching in Sikeston, Missouri, and then quotes from a column appearing in that town's newspaper: "We . . . believe in the old fashioned duel to settle certain differences that might arise over insults. . . . It gives us a gripe in our bowels to read in some papers that the lynching of a Negro brute in Sikeston Sunday was a blot on the state of Missouri and that Sikeston should hang her head in shame." *Collier's* makes this comment: "That, fellow citizens, is the way some Americans' minds still function, in this year of Our Lord 1942, and of our independence the 166th."

A few other items: Senator James A. Mead of New York and Representative John D. Dingell of Michigan have introduced into Congress a bill to award the Congressional Medal of Honor to Dorie Miller, Navy mess attendant hero of Pearl Harbor. . . . The Council Against Intolerance in America unanimously adopted a resolution urging the War Department to form a mixed combat division of volunteers of all creeds and colors. . . . The *Catholic World* for February published a scrupulously honest and able article, "The Negro in the Irish Empire," by Thomas F. Doyle. Mr. Doyle admits the culpability of his fellow Irish with regard to prejudice against Negroes in the United States, but he points to the economic reasons therefor and the splendid record of individual Irishmen in this matter—John Boyle O'Reilly, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, and especially Daniel O'Connell. The latter's ringing answer to the West Indian members of Parliament who tried to bribe him against supporting Negro emancipation by offering their votes for the Irish cause is worth reprinting:

> Gentlemen, God knows I speak for the saddest nation the sun sees, but may my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth if, to serve Ireland, even Ireland, I forget the Negro one single hour.

Perhaps one of the most spontaneous and significant developments is the formation of the Irish-American Committee for Interracial Justice, headed by a number of distinguished New York judges and Irish leaders, and already spreading to other cities.

All these things may merely be symptoms of light, but that much they are, and they must be welcomed by those who were beginning to feel a little bit like voices crying in a wilderness.

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Japan Over Australia

"Sydney, with a magic like sleep, like sweet soft sleep, a vast, endless sun-hot afternoon sleep with the world a mirage . . . but surely a place that will some day wake terribly from this sleep."*

***By* James G. Murtagh**

GEOGRAPHY, like small boys, should be seen and not heard, and a meditation on a map of the Pacific is often more instructive than certain commentators on the war news. New Guinea, for instance, the present center of gravity in the Battle of the Pacific, is, you will note, the second largest island in the world. The largest, of course, is Greenland. One of the great unknown and unexplored regions of the globe, New Guinea is rich, mountainous and undeveloped. The airplane has revealed its vast potentialities. Winged explorers discovered strange things, when they broke the silences beyond its rugged ridges. The great Lake Wissel was discovered only in 1937. The American Archbold Exposition of 1938 (an open secret they were oil men!) discovered an unknown valley with a native population of 60,000.

The Dutch control the western half, with their capital at Manokwari, while Australia has the eastern half, divided into two administrations; the Mandate of New Guinea (capital, Lae), facing the north and including the outlying islands of New Britain and New Ireland, and the Colony of Papua (capital, Port Moresby), facing the south and the Australian mainland.

New Guinea gold

Gold, discovered in the 'twenties by "Shark-eye" Park, an Australian prospector, first lifted New Guinea into the news, and a rush developed in 1926. The fields are reached from the northern coast, with Wau, the chief mining town, Salamaua the port, while air transport is based on Lae. Amelia Earhart took off from here and disappeared in 1937. The gold industry has developed air transport as the main means of communication. Roads are few because of the costly engineering problems in a rugged country. Food supplies, machinery, cattle and sheep go by plane in New Guinea. Even the missionary Fathers of the Divine Word have their own aircraft, pilots, airdromes and workshops, and on Sundays the priests commute by plane for Masses at the scattered mission stations, flying over the high mountains and landing in the valleys. But besides gold, which has made the mandate prosperous and self-supporting, there are 260,000 acres under cultivation, nearly half coconuts for copra, while cocoa, coffee, rubber, peanuts, trepang and shell are exported in small quantities. The white population is less than 5,000. As a mandate under the League of Nations, this sector of New Guinea, together with New Britain and New Ireland, all of which belonged to Germany up to the last war, were not equipped with military defenses and were the first attacked by the Japanese. The southern sector, however, which faces Australia and is known as Papua, is not a mandate but Australia's only colony, with defenses based on Port Moresby. Reports that missionaries were leading the Japanese over the mountains is unlikely, for, at the outbreak of the war, German Lutherans, who had been discovered teaching native children nazi ideas, were all interned by the Australian Government. The probability, however, of Lutheran natives aiding the Japanese is not to be entirely denied.

Japan has naturally dreamed and schemed over New Guinea, with its vast mineral wealth, its tall mountains and abundant rainfall and its incalculable agricultural possibilities. Unquestionably, it is a land of tomorrow. The first tensions, however, between Nippon and the Great South Land arose over oysters! Australian pearling fleets, based on Thursday Island, Darwin and Broome, clashed competitively with Japanese pearlers, operating in Australian waters from a base at Palau in the Japanese mandated islands. Through over-production, the Japanese wrecked the market and plastics arrived to kill a dying industry. Meanwhile, with the development of long-range aviation, the diplomatic moves and counter moves of the Great Powers on the giant chess-board of the Pacific were beginning to be played in terms of island bases and air routes. Little, unknown atolls, which had slumbered peacefully for centuries since their discovery by the Spanish and Portuguese, leapt suddenly into prominence to form vital links in chains of national defenses. Japan already had regular services from Tokyo to her mandated islands. But she began to extend them ominously the further she drifted from British friendship.

* D. H. Lawrence in "Kangaroo" (1923).

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In May, 1940, they were extended to the Pelew Islands, a thousand odd miles from New Guinea. On October 13, 1941, the Japanese and the Portuguese signed an agreement at Lisbon, allowing the Japanese to extend from the Pelews to Portuguese Timor. The Dutch and Australians became uneasy, for the new line cut the air route from Australia to the Netherlands Indies. Holland counter-moved with a line from Dilli to Koepang, connecting with the Sydney-Batavia route. Australia came in with a line from Darwin to Dilli. The Dutch went further and cut the Japanese line at right angles with a service from Batavia to Dutch New Guinea. Meanwhile, the Australians began to build new air fields in eastern New Guinea and to consolidate defenses. The main airline between the mainland and Papua runs from Cooktown, on the Queensland coast, to Port Moresby. Sea communication in these waters is the monopoly of the Burns Philip shipping line, which has been called the "octopus of the Pacific."

Coral Maginot Line

The writer visited the present battle zone on the eve of the war and sensed the rising tempo of defense. Making north from Sydney, aboard B. P.'s *Marella,* a former German steamer, a legacy from the last war, there was a Lieutenant-Colonel and a gunnery expert traveling to Darwin, mysterious boxes consigned to military headquarters, newspapermen from the great southern dailies, air-force pilots, northern territory police (the Australian "mounties") returning from furlough, a wolfram miner, a diamond-driller, a pearl buyer and doubtless (in retrospect) a spy or two. The Colonel assured me that a successful Japanese invasion was impossible. The course drove through Australia's "Grand Canal," 1,200 miles of island-studded waterway, protected from the thundering Pacific by the Great Barrier Reef. This subterranean coral rampart is nature's own protection to the north Australian coast, right up to the Gulf of Papua. The few breaks in the reef are heavily mined and guarded and between Cape York peninsula and Port Moresby it expands into a sea of coral, a nightmare to navigators and the graveyard of unnumbered ships. The early Dutch explorers from the west failed to find a channel through it and concluded that New Guinea and Australia were joined. Luis Valez de Torres, who sailed with De Quiros, got through it from the east and gave his name to the strait. The Japanese would doubtless attempt to meet this coral Maginot Line Hitler-wise by turning it at its southern end with an attack on Rockhampton or Gladstone, coastal towns, within bombing range of Brisbane (population, 326,000) and/or by swinging around the top of the barrier and occupying the islands which cling like a coronet to the tip of the continent.

Your popular atlas fails you here, for it gives only Thursday Island, which is so small—two acres short of a square mile—that it is but a dot on an average map. Actually, there are ten islands at Cape York, called by cartographers the Prince of Wales group. Thursday Island is encircled by the Prince of Wales, Horn, Hammond, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday islands, all with a coordinated system of defenses. Thursday Island was claimed and named by Captain Cook in 1774. Captain Bligh, of the *Bounty,* called there for water on his famous ocean trek. Douglas Fairbanks paid it a call many years ago in his million-dollar yacht, *Caroline.*

But on the day that I happened to be there, the sleepy, moribund settlement was being honoured by a visit from Count Felix Von Luckner, the sea-raider of World War I, who was obviously there for something more than a holiday cruise to a tropic isle. T. I., as it is familiarly known in North Australia and New Guinea, left an impression of drowsy stagnation. The town boasted half a dozen depressing hotels, an ice-works, two banks, a Burns Philip building, a post-office, an Anglican Bishop, a reservoir . . . and the *Torres Strait Daily Pilot,* the smallest and costliest daily newspaper in the world (four pages; price 6 pence; *P. M.* shape, but smaller; circulation, less than 200. Mr. Ripley please copy!).

But in the bay among the pearling luggers and fishing boats, two things cast their shadows before —a Royal Australian Air Force seaplane, riding quietly at anchor and Von Luckner's crew busily preparing his graceful schooner, *Seeteufel,* for departure to parts unknown.

City without a soul

Across the Arafura Sea from T. I. lies Darwin, capital of the Australian northwest and the lower point of Britain's vast, ill-fated triangle of naval defenses stretching to Singapore and Hong Kong. Named for the prophet of evolution, Darwin's history has been a survival of the fittest. Today, it is an artificial city, born of naval strategy and aviation, the "Front door of Australia." On the eve of the war, it was already in a period of transition, with a new energy, a new vision. Its two sandy, unadorned streets, its Chinatown which greeted you with a shop sign "Zero in the Tropics," run by a Greek, the antiquated L-shaped wharf, were to go and the whole place made over. The military were already in possession.

Its only industries were pearl shell (in depression)—and peanuts! Tropical agriculture has been a failure and fruit, vegetables and essential foodstuffs are shipped from the south. But Darwin has a future as a key city in the Pacific of tomorrow. Hitherto, it has been a city without a soul, a tropical capital of Government officials, army officers and air force pilots, counting the

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days of their exile till they are recalled to the south—and civilization.

The hinterland

Back of it lies a vast hinterland of over half a million square miles, neither an eldorado nor a barren desert, but a strange mixture of useless, arid wastes and excellent pastoral and mining country, with a river system in the Victoria, Daly and Roper, waiting for the irrigation engineer. But flying down from Darwin, you enter a vast, forgotten and more remarkable country, like a hump on the northwest littoral, ominously facing Timor—the Australian Kimberleys. Its three ports have all been bombed by the Japanese, Wyndham in the north, Broome in the south and Derby in between. This region covers an area of nearly 90,000,000 acres, a land of great mountain barriers, rocky gorges, inpenetrable bush and wide pastoral plains, watered by three large rivers and their myriad tributaries. The rivers are dry for most of the year, but their precious waters are flowing underground, making the Kimberleys a vast artesian basin. A German scientist has estimated that this country could carry between four and five million people. He probably exaggerated. On the eve of the war, there were little more than a thousand souls in the whole area. The northwest Kimberley, directly facing a Japanese invasion from Timor, is largely shrouded in silence and mystery. Indeed, part of its rugged coastline and large parts of the interior, north of the King Leopold Range, have never been explored.

Wyndham lies at the head of Cambridge Gulf, which is fifty miles long, branching at its upper reaches into two long arms into which flow the Ord, Durack and Chamberlain Rivers. The town swelters under a "bastion," a rocky cliff several hundred feet high, which glows like a furnace in the fierce sun and parches the throats of the handful of permanent citizens, living in a huddled collection of iron-roofed buildings. Wyndham is a meat works and life looks up when the plant is operating and the fat cattle are coming in from the ranches. When the refuse from the works flows into the gulf, the waters are alive with alligators.

Wyndham was founded as the northern port of the Kimberley gold field in the rush of 1886. Hundreds of fossickers, including many Californian miners, who set out with high hopes, were never heard of again. The Kimberley bush swallowed them up and their bones moulder in remote mountain gullies. But Wyndham is mainly remembered as the starting point for many pioneering air journeys, by the late Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, Mr. C. W. Scott and Mr. J. A. Mollison. The reason? The sea crossing from Timor to Wyndham is a hundred miles shorter than it is to Darwin. The Japanese control Timor today.

The ghost of Dampier

Broome, the southern port of the Kimberleys, was the first spot in Australia visited by an Englishman—the adventurous, picturesque William Dampier, gentleman buccaneer. He was not impressed. In 1678, he joined a band of pirates in search of treasure ships in the Caribbean. After a turn in the east Pacific, robbing Spanish galleons and raiding coastal towns, he crossed the Pacific in the *Cygnet* and struck the Australian coast at Broome in 1688. His ghost is said to walk the dusty, red streets of the bedraggled town on certain summer evenings.

In the great days of the pearling industry, it was indeed almost a Japanese town. Six hundred of them are buried in the cemetery, with a large monument to a hundred who were drowned in a storm in 1933. In the Catholic section there is an interesting monument—a cross standing ten feet high. The inscription reads:

ERECTED BY
THE JAPANESE OF BROOME
IN MEMORY OF
SISTER MARY IMMACULATE LEAHY
DIED 12 JANUARY, 1911
R. I. P.

In the boom days, the Japanese ran their own hospital, staffed it with Japanese doctors, but for a nurse they chose a Catholic nun. On the eve of the war, it had a population of less than a thousand and was mainly a stage on the west coast air line. But today it is certainly a most vital center of defense.

The waking of a nation

If the Japanese can run the gauntlet of coastal patrol bombers with an invasion fleet from Timor, it would be difficult to stop them getting a foothold on the Kimberley coast. But where they would go from there is another question. There are no roads, little water, forbidding bush, while an impassable desert, creating seemingly insuperable problems of supply and communication, lies between them and the eastern populated part of the continent. The Battle for Australia must be decided on the rich east coast where the nation's 7,000,000 people live. There nature provides the hardest campaign Japan has faced. There the yellow men will meet the toughest fighting machine in the south Pacific, a home militia of over half a million men, defending their own homes for the first time, with the entire population organized for war.

And for all the Australians, now at their own request under the leadership of the indomitable hero of Bataan, and with the help of American machines and fighting men, there can be but one outcome.

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Sample from a Novel

Incident from the forthcoming "Put Out More Flags."*

By **Evelyn Waugh**

IN THE PLEASURE of setting his trap, Basil had not looked forward to its consequences. When Colonel Plum returned to his office two hours later, things seemed to have gone far beyond Basil's control. "They're pleased as Punch at Scotland Yard," he said. "Handing out some very handsome bouquets. The whole thing is button-up. We've taken out a special warrant for authors, publishers and printers, but I don't think we need worry the printers much. Tomorrow morning the man Silk will be arrested at the Ministry of Information; simultaneously Rampole and Bentley's will be surrounded and entered, all copies of the paper and all correspondence seized. All the office staff will be held pending investigation. What we need now is a description of the men Grass, Squibb and Barebones-Abraham. You might get on to that. I'm going round to see the Home Secretary now."

There was, at first hearing, a lot about this speech which displeased Basil, and more still when he began to turn the thing over in his mind. In the first place Colonel Plum seemed to be getting all the credit and all the fun. It was he himself, Basil felt, who should be going to see the Home Secretary; *he* should have been to Scotland Yard to make arrangements for the morrow's raid; *he* should have had the handsome bouquets of which Colonel Plum had spoken. It was not for this that he had planned the betrayal of an old friend. Colonel Plum was putting on altogether too much dog.

In the second place the sensation of being on the side of the law was novel to Basil and not the least agreeable. Police raids, for Basil, had in the past always meant escaping over the tiles or through the area; it made him ashamed to hear these things spoken of with tolerance and familiarity.

In the third place he was not absolutely happy in his mind about what Ambrose might say. Even though he was to be deprived of the right of public trial, there would presumably be some kind of investigation at which he would be allowed to give an account of himself. Basil's share in editing "Monument to a Spartan" was, he felt, better kept as a good story to tell in the right company at the right time—not to be made the subject of official and semi-legal enquiry.

And in the fourth place Basil had from long association an appreciable softness of disposition towards Ambrose. Other things being equal, he wished him well rather than ill.

These considerations, in that order of importance, worked in Basil's mind.

* * *

Ambrose's flat lay in the neighborhood of the Ministry of Information; it was the top floor of a large Bloomsbury mansion; where the marble stairs changed to deal, Ambrose ascended into what had once been the servants' bedrooms; it was an attic and, so-called, satisfied the ascetic promptings which had affected Ambrose in the year of the great slump. There was, however, little else about the flat to suggest hardship. He had the flair of his race for comfort and for enviable possessions. There were expensive continental editions of works on architecture, there were deep armchairs, an object like an ostrich egg sculptured by Brancusi, a gramophone with a prodigious horn, and a library of records—these and countless other features made the living-room dear to him. It is true that the bath was served only by a gas-burning apparatus which at the best gave a niggardly trickle of warm water and at the worst, exploded in a cloud of poisonous vapours, but apparatus of this kind is the hall-mark of the higher intellectuals all the world over. Ambrose's bed-room compensated for the dangers and discomforts of the bath-room. In this flat he was served by a motherly old Cockney who teased him at intervals for not marrying.

To this flat Basil came very late that night. He had delayed his arrival on purely artistic grounds. Colonel Plum might deny him the excitements of Scotland Yard and the Home Office, but there should be every circumstance of melodrama here. Basil knocked and rang for some time before he made himself heard. Then Ambrose came to the door in a dressing-gown.

"Oh God," he said. "I suppose you're drunk" —for no friend of Basil's who maintained a fixed abode in London could ever consider himself immune from his occasional nocturnal visits.

* Little, Brown. $2.50. To be published April 14.

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"Let me in. We haven't a moment to spare." Basil spoke in a whisper. "The police will be here at any moment."

Slightly dazed with sleep, Ambrose admitted him. There are those for whom the word "police" holds no terror. Ambrose was not of them. All his life he had been an outlaw and the days in Munich were still fresh in his memory, when friends disappeared suddenly in the night, leaving no address.

"I've brought you this," said Basil, "and this and this." He gave Ambrose a clerical collar, a black clerical vest ornamented with a double line of jet buttons, and an Irish passport. "You are Father Flanagan returning to Dublin University. Once in Ireland you'll be safe."

"But surely there's no train at this time."

"There's one at eight. You mustn't be found here. You can sit in the waiting-room at Euston till it comes in. Have you got a breviary?"

"Of course not."

"Then read a racing paper. I suppose you've got a dark suit."

It was significant both of Basil's fine urgency of manner, and of Ambrose's constitutionally guilty disposition, that he was already clothed as a clergyman before he said, "But what have I done? Why are they after me?"

"Your magazine. It's being suppressed. They're rounding up everyone connected with it."

Ambrose asked no more. He accepted the fact as a pauper accepts the condition of being perpetually "moved on." It was something inalienable from his state; the artist's birthright.

"How did you hear about it?"

"In the War Office."

"What am I to do about all this?" asked Ambrose helplessly. "The flat, and the furniture, and my books, and Mrs. Carver?"

"I tell you what. If you like I'll move in and take care of it for you until it's safe to come back."

"Would you really, Basil?" said Ambrose, touched. "You're being very kind."

For some time now Basil had felt himself unfairly handicapped in his pursuit of Susie by the fact of his living with his mother. He had not thought of this solution. It had come providentially, with rapid and exemplary justice all too rare in life; goodness was being rewarded quite beyond his expectations, if not beyond his deserts.

"I'm afraid the geyser is rather a bore," said Ambrose apologetically.

They were not far from Euston Station. Packing was the work of a quarter of an hour.

"But Basil, I *must* have *some* clothes."

"You are an Irish priest. What d'you think the Customs are going to say when they open a trunk full of Charvet ties and crepe-de-Chine pyjamas?"

Ambrose was allowed one suitcase.

"I'll look after all this for you," said Basil, surveying the oriental profusion of expensive underclothes which filled the many drawers and presses of the bed-room. "You'll have to walk to the station, you know."

"Why, for God's sake?"

"Taxi might be traced. Can't take any chances."

The suitcase had seemed small enough when Basil first selected it as the most priestly of the rather too smart receptacles in Ambrose's box-room; it seemed enormous as they trudged northward through the dark streets of Bloomsbury. At last they reached the classic columns of the railway terminus. It is not a cheerful place at the best of times, striking a chill in the heart of the gayest holiday-maker. Now in war-time, before dawn on a cold spring morning, it seemed the entrance to a sepulchre.

"I'll leave you here," said Basil, "Keep out of sight until the train is in. If anyone speaks to you, tell your beads."

"I haven't any beads."

"Then contemplate. Go into an ecstasy. But don't open your mouth or you're done."

"I'll write to you when I get to Ireland."

"Better not," said Basil, cheerfully.

He turned away and was immediately lost in the darkness. Ambrose entered the station. A few soldiers slept on benches, surrounded by their kit and equipment. Ambrose found a corner darker, even, than the general gloom. Here, on a packing-case that seemed by its smell to contain fish of a sort, he sat waiting for dawn; black hat perched over his eyes, black overcoat wrapped close about his knees, mournful, black eyes open, staring into the blackness. From the fishy freight below him water oozed slowly onto the pavement making a little pool, as though of tears.

Sonnet

I think love is like quicksilver; held in the hand
It will grow warm. It has no warmth of its own.
It cannot be shaped, or stilled, or stand alone,
But idles in the palm, secret and bland.
It will fall like light, but it is heavy to hold.
It would not make a shield or a dagger's blade;
It cannot be beaten or hammered, it will evade
The blow that shatters steel. It will melt true gold.

And yet a heart may be bound in quicksilver chains,
A dust of delicate silver against the skin
By some mysterious alchemy sifts within,
Slipping, a bloom of light, along the veins.
Quicksilver is love, whereby two friends grow dearer
Till each becomes only the other's mirror.

JOANNE DIMMICK.

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Holy Week in Guatemala

How neighbors to the south make public profession of the Passion.

***By* Lucie B. Hickman *and* Katherine H. Willis**

THE GLORIOUS Spanish tradition of commemorating the events of Holy Week in processions of regal splendor is today preserved perhaps more vividly in Guatemala than anywhere else in the world. These processions are a heritage which the early Catholic missionaries brought over with them from Spain, back in the days of the Guatemalan *Conquistador,* Pedro de Alvarado.

Since 1937 much of this is gone in Spain, but in a smaller, less elaborate way one may see it in Guatemala. The luxurious, jeweled robes are few, but the added color of the faithful Indian worshipper in his native costume compensates amply for this.

* * *

Domingo de Ramos—and even though the sky still blazed with stars, the Indian women were ready with palms for those going to early Mass. The hour was only three, but sitting on either side of the church steps they were gathered in small clusters with baskets of palm branches at their feet.

In Guatemala City the Palm Sunday procession passed the Metropolitan Cathedral on the Central Plaza about five o'clock in the afternoon. Well before this hour the square was filled with spectators. It was not a noisy crowd, but a dignified and silent one.

Despite the solemnity of the occasion, the sellers of *helados* were pushing about their little orange carts, and children and grown-ups too bought eagerly, as we do of the Good Humor man. The thirsty bought *refrescos,* sugared water of various hues and flavors, from improvised booths along the plaza. Indian women crouched on the curb to sell rainbow-colored candy and special Holy Week cakes.

Yet withal there was an air of expectancy of things to come which overshadowed the interest in refreshment. More and more people came to the plaza as the hands of the Cathedral clock neared five. Throngs of men and boys wearing purple cassocks and caps and white gloves, stood about. These were *cucuruchos.* This term was originally employed because the penitents of Seville wore tall, pointed caps resembling cornucopias, and even though this type of hat is seldom seen in Guatemala, the word is commonly used in referring to the men participating in the processions.

Tiny *cucuruchos* of five or six went among the spectators collecting money to purchase incense. The older boys swung the censers and the men waited their turn to carry the images in the procession. These men had white cards pinned on their chests indicating the block in which they would carry the sacred burden and the exact place which they would fill.

The procession passed slowly. First came an Indian piping his plaintive tune on a *chirimilla.* Then came the drummer. Boys swung the censers. The statue of Christ bearing the Cross was the first *paso.* This particular image was slightly more than life size and was carved from wood. The swarthy face of the Christ was stained with blood and the heavy cross under which He bent was massive. He wore a dark velvet robe embroidered in gold and had long real curls. Strangely enough, in this land where flowers are so plentiful, artificial blossoms ornamented the platform on which this figure was placed.

Some sixteen *cucuruchos* bore the float on their shoulders. In their free arms they carried heavy sticks with a metal fork at the top. At the blowing of a whistle, they halted to change bearers and at such times the pronged sticks supported the *paso.* Immediately behind the statue of Christ and walking beneath a golden canopy came the priest bearing the Host. Then came the band playing a solemn funeral march which was heard at every procession throughout the week.

The spectators who had been waiting at the Cathedral were joined by those who had been accompanying the procession through the many blocks it had already come. Some of these tarried and others continued, but always the street was filled with people. The purple of the *cucuruchos'* garments was the dominating color note, but many Indians in their village costumes added vibrant reds and blues to the crowd. Some penitents carried candles which they would light when it became dark or burn in the church when the images were finally returned to their accustomed niches, and the pious fingered their rosaries.

Music always heralds the Virgin, and the second and last group of figures now came into sight.

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These were the Blessed Virgin Mary, Saint John and Mary Magdalene. The Virgin was pale, with tears streaming down her sad, sweet face. Her robes were of red velvet and satin and a blue mantle bordered in gold fell from her shoulders. Long curls, crowned with a golden halo, reached to her waist. The *paso* on which she was carried was decorated with artificial flowers and doves which dipped and swayed as the women who bore this image stepped, stepped, and paused in time to the mournful music. The women bystanders now joined in the procession, walking behind the women bearing the Virgin Mary.

Saint John was robed in red and Mary Magdalene in saffron satin with red sleeves. She carried an alabaster box of ointment symbolizing the perfume she poured over the feet of Christ and the balm and spices she prepared to anoint His body.

* * *

If the processions were impressive by day, they were awe-inspiring at night. One was at a little Indian church in a poorer section of the capital. Everyone seeks to be on hand when the statues are reverently carried once more into the church: and the Indians will stand enthralled for hours, hoping perhaps to squeeze through what appears to be an impenetrable mass of humanity and find a spot in the church where they may pray. After such an experience, they return, strengthened, to their struggle for mere existence.

Slowly the statues appeared, held high in the air above the surging throng so that they seemed completely detached from the earth.

* * *

In its own peculiar way, each village in the land celebrates Holy Week. At Ciudad Vieja, capital of Guatemala from 1527 to 1541, the church was the center of activities. The elaborately-carved façade served as a backdrop for the stage. Usually the floor of a stage is unimportant to the spectator, but here this was not the case. The wide step before the church was carpeted after the fashion of Indian sandpainting. Natural-colored sawdust had been strewn, care being taken to preserve a rectangular shape, before the door and on this had been stencilled floral patterns in blue and rose sawdust.

The high, arched doors of the church opened. The *chirimilla* and the drummer carefully stepped out upon the stage, taking pains to walk around the carpet, and started down the pine-strewn cobbled street. In turn the images of Christ and the Virgin Mary were framed in the doorway, then the faithful carried them over the carpet. The band played its halting, dolorous phrases. It seemed as if passing players had set up their stage, presented their spectacle, packed up again, and moved on.

Of the many glorious churches of Antigua, La Merced best withstood the cataclysmic eruption of the volcano Fuego in 1773. There was a constant stream of barefoot Indians padding up the aisles. The father removed the tumpline from his forehead and put his heavy burden by the door as he entered; the mother took the large basket of fruit from her head and laid it beside her husband's load; the three children silently followed their parents. The little family paused before one of the favorite images of the Madonna. They knelt on the cold stone floor. When they arose, the father took his daughter in his arms and held her up so that she might kiss the hem of the Virgin's robe. This little family moved on only to be replaced by another group and still another, each finding sanctuary in the hush which, like the calm of a deep pool, was broken only by soft ripples of prayer.

* * *

Father Rossbach's church at Chichicastenango overlooked an empty market square on Thursday of Holy Week, for everyone was making preparation for the Good Friday celebration. Indians bent almost double under the weight of great sacks of fragrant pine needles brought in from the country to be spread in the streets for the procession. The faithful were busy within decorating the statues to be carried through the streets and the head men of the village, dressed in their native costume of black wool with touches of red and purple, were receiving instructions from the priest.

In the evening the procession stopped at the tiny shrines set up in the narrow, cobbled streets, and the light of guttering candles gave one glimpse of the dark Mayan faces intent in their devotions.

The Good Friday celebration here reflects the Indian interpretation of the last days of Our Lord and might at first appear to be a carnival rather than a religious ceremony. Indians dressed in their conception of what a Roman soldier wore go through the streets searching for Christ and on finding Him, bring Him to trial before Caiaphas and Pilate. Finally, the procession returns to the church with Christ in Glory going before the casket bearing His body and fighting the forces of evil represented by people dressed as gnomes.

Of all the processions, that of Good Friday in Sumpango was the most colorful because the blouses of the women in this village are a vivid red. All the populace was concentrated in the narrow street and as they moved along it was an explosion of color. A weary, red-robed Christ, crowned with thorns, bore the Cross and the way was long as the dusty road stretched out like a ribbon to the hills. The sorrowing Virgin,

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in a midnight-blue velvet mantle, had on her right Saint John, in deep blue satin robes, and on her left Mary Magdalene, wearing yellow satin.

Purple-garbed *cucuruchos* with white collars pressed close about the images, taking their turns as bearers. Violet-robed men bore simple white placards giving the Seven Last Words of Christ: *Padre, perdónalos; porque no saben lo que hacen . . . ¿Dios mio, Dios mio, por que me has desamparado? . . . Padre, en tus manos encomiendo mi espíritu.*

* * *

On Good Friday in the vicinity of the capital, there was a distant rumble like a heavy truck going down a cobblestone street. The rumble increased to a roar. People hastily left their homes and sought protection from possible falling masonry in the open streets. How symbolic that an earthquake should occur at three o'clock on the afternoon of the Day of Sorrows! Thoughts instinctively turned back some nineteen hundred years to that same hour on the first Good Friday when "the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake."

* * *

All the ceremonies of Palm Sunday and the following four days are but a prelude to Good Friday, and the magnificent procession in Guatemala City, beginning at four o'clock, is the culminating activity.

People wearing their best clothes, usually black, choked the streets where the procession would pass. Faintly in the distance could be heard the funeral march. Then louder and louder it came as the cortège moved slowly down the street.

Dramatically the procession passed by, the longest and most elaborate of Holy Week. Here the Seven Last Words of Christ were written in letters of gold on black wooden scrolls and *pasos* depicting the Stations of the Cross. Pilate sat grimly on a platform and washed his hands in a basin held by a servant. Christ stumbled under the weight of the Cross. Saint Veronica wiped the face of Christ with her handkerchief and left thereon the imprint of His features. Christ was stripped of His garments and then was crucified.

Some of the images carried in this procession had been bought at great cost in Seville several years ago, and were truly magnificent. They were life size, beautifully carved, and painted in natural flesh tones. Their fresh colors contrasted sharply with the solemn black garb of the silent penitents who bore them, for today all the *cucuruchos* were robed in black rather than purple.

The most majestic *paso* in the cortège was the catafalque on which rested a glass coffin bound in gold. Christ lay therein attired in sumptuous, richly-embroidered velvet robes. The casket was covered with purple orchids. As it was held aloft, it caught the rays of the afternoon sun and glistened with more than natural brilliance.

The last of the penitents filed by and there was a mass movement of the spectators. One could, of course, walk the many blocks with the procession, but some chose rather to go to the Central Plaza, stopping en route for refreshment after the long, hot wait in the sun. Good Friday was solemn when the procession passed, but otherwise it was a holiday—a happy family holiday—and everyone was making the most of it.

The beautiful plaza with its stately palms, flowering trees, and fountain made a fitting background for the colorful pageantry of the holiday throng. They came and went—Spaniard, *ladino,* and Indian. Indian mothers clad in their brilliant blouses and long skirts padded barefoot beside their husbands in straw sombreros, blue jeans and shoes. A baby ofttimes suckled at its mother's breast and tiny children walked uncomplainingly beside their parents. Students of the military academy strolled along jauntily in red and gray uniforms. Army officers in khaki exchanged happy glances with their wives or sweethearts. Indian nurses cared for their charges who frolicked in the park. Small boys ate candy and invested their pennies in gay tissue-paper flags.

Night falls swiftly in the tropics. The stars, like lanterns lighted one by one, shone softly through the palm trees. Colored lights played on the fountain and the spray fell like an iridescent gossamer veil. The mesmeric notes of the band filled the plaza, as the music wailed and lamented the crucified Christ. The street along the square became the Via Dolorosa as the penitents completed their long pilgrimage. Now the *pasos* were illuminated, casting wavering, sepulchral shadows across the bystanders. . . .

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE HORRENDOUS warning to "the official Catholic hierarchy in America" that the "Roman Catholic Church is going to be held to account for Coughlin, Curran and company by the American people," uttered by a writer in the current number (March 21) of the *Nation,* Donald Grant, is interesting mainly as an example of the illogical type of reasoning that afflicts so many journalists of the radical and liberal press when they deal with subjects involving, or seeming to involve, the Catholic Church. Donald Grant's article is chiefly devoted to the highly deplorable, mischievous activities of the so-called "Christian Front" in Boston, under its "dapper young leader," Francis P. Moran, before Pearl Harbor; and to the more recent activities in Boston of the Reverend Edward Lodge Curran, who, according to Mr. Grant,

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in his speeches succeeded in attracting large crowds, instead of the small groups which formerly followed Moran, while spreading "the same old Christian Front line," slightly touched up." In the opinion of this *Nation* writer, which probably is quite sound on this point, "the propagandists of the Axis are attempting to exploit the Irish Catholic minority in order to divide us . . ."

Nevertheless, the same writer who finds the "Christian Front" antics so distressful and ominous, himself registers the fact that, "actually, as the Gallup poll shows, the vast majority of Irish Americans are so whole-heartedly committed to the war effort that they think Eire is wrong in its refusal to let British and American soldiers use Irish bases to guard Irish freedom. A clear majority think Ireland should go so far as to join the war and fight for its own freedom. The average American of Irish descent would be a lot happier if he were left alone to fight the nazi enemy as an American, unchecked by the confusion-mongering Coughlinites."

Quite so, and also it is equally true that the average American Catholic, no matter what his racial background or descent, would be a lot happier if papers like the *Nation,* with whose ideals and intentions, in many fields, they sympathize, would drop the bad habit of attacking the Catholic Church every time their editors or contributors are annoyed or offended by the words or deeds or affiliations of individual Catholics, priests or laymen indifferently. It just does not make sense. If and when the day should come, in the United States, when the "official hierarchy" of the Church should attempt to control the individual opinions of Catholics, outside of the revealed and defined doctrine taught by the Church, we may be sure that the loudest shouts of indignation would come from the *Nation,* and writers like Mr. Grant, who at present are so incensed because the authorities of the Church are not muzzling the Father Coughlins of the hour.

Well, in comparison with the situation confronting the Church in many other lands, Germany, Poland, Italy, Belgium, Holland and elsewhere, the Church in the United States is at peace, and seems likely to maintain its peace. The nation's leaders, and the great majority of the nation itself, know full well how loyal is the vast mass of the American Catholics, and how misrepresentative is the small if noisy group led astray by the so-called "Christian Front" orators and racketeers. But deep in the subconsciousness of many liberals and radicals, unfortunately, lingers the nineteenth century myth of the Catholic Church which would represent it as the necessary enemy of justice and liberty and the rights of humanity. Now when the Church emerges as the everlasting enemy of the enemies of mankind, of those who would degrade and enslave it, it is deplorable that far too many American liberals are still infected by suspicions of the Church.

Cyreneans

Simon, we are fortunate,
Heavy though the cross may seem;
We are asked to burden it—
He was nailed upon its beam.

FRAY ANGELICO CHAVEZ.

Communications

RIOM AND BOMBING

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I am surprised at THE COMMONWEAL'S comments on the Riom trial and on the bombing of Paris.

There is no question that the Riom trial brings a bad taste to every French mouth, were it only for its utter futility. But the atmosphere of this unfortunate trial is not as lugubrious as THE COMMONWEAL would have it. As a matter of fact, it is so strongly stamped with the indelible stamp of French temperament and tradition that it might almost make one shout with joy!

First of all, let us not forget that the grim law which instituted the grim Court withheld from the Court the right to condemn to death. This moderation is slightly removed from the Moscow or Berlin procedures. Also, from the reports on the trial we can see that the people who are accused are all allowed to go on, openly, for hours, accusing the present French government. It sounds strangely democratic. Even if it was not intended to be so, it is, because it is in the blood of every Frenchman, long before 1789. Remember the pledge of the people of Navarre to their King!

And finally, the best of all in that Riom trial is that it looks as if it amounts to the familiar quarrel between Frenchmen. They are blaming each other for not having been able to beat the Germans! It is wonderful! Right there under German noses, boots and guns! It is, I say, highly comforting. It shows a will to live, an unquenchable non-conformism, a perennial critical sense. Through squalor, shame and weakness it is the old French shout, whether of Roland, Jeanne d'Arc or the Regiment de Sambre et Meuse. The only cry which unites us all, whether for Pétain or De Gaulle. The Riom trial shows the one and undying French concern—off French soil!

And now, about the bombing of Paris. Neither Sumner Welles nor Pétain sum up the situation, but, I believe, Le Cid does: "*A vaincre sans peril on triomphe sans gloire.*"

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

WAR AIMS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: War is no instrument to achieve a Christian purpose. War can be, and most often is, an instrument to achieve most unchristian purposes.

There are, therefore, it seems to me only two courses open to Christians in war-time, that of refusal to support, and that of limiting their support to the aim and aims of the war, the attainment of which gives most promise of a Christian peace.

The latter course makes imperative at the very beginning of war that clear and definite statement of war and peace aims for which THE COMMONWEAL appeals. Vague statements have concealed in past wars, and conceal in present, aims that no Christian can support. The present

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vague statements may conceal imperialistic and communistic purposes, not of the government, but of groups whose ambition it is to make this war an instrument of their purposes.

In the "beyond good and evil" attitude of either the communistic and imperialistic school, this betrayal of the purpose for which American people entered the war is of little moment. To these schools, peoples are the means, not the objects of their designs.

In the keeping-of-divine-commandments attitude of those of Jewish as well as of Christian faith, a betrayal of a people's cause, a cause for which the religious have prayed for help of God, can be regarded as nothing less than a betrayal of their faith.

To prevent this betrayal, Christians should insist on a clear statement of our war and peace aims—and insist now. Only in this clarity will aims that Christians cannot support be brought to light out of the vagueness that now conceals them.

FRANK D. SLOCUM.

DESTINY OF WESTERN MAN

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editors: I read with much interest the review of Stace's "The Destiny of Western Man" by Thomas F. Woodlock. The modern mind here and there is groping its way back to stability in intellectual and moral principle, and groping is the right word.

Professor Stace finds a dilemma in the notion of morality as a law of God imposed upon man. He argues that if God commands morality because it is good, then morality is above God; and if it is good because God commands it, then God is non-moral. It is just a coincidence that I proposed the other day to a class in Ethics the following dilemma: either God is subject to the Eternal Law or He is not. If He is, then He is not completely independent; and if He is not, then He is lawless. Professor Stace might profit from the answer of one student: "God *is* the Eternal Law. Therefore He is not lawless nor is He subject to Law."

Men like the professor persist in making a blunder fatal to all their efforts when they base their morality upon the nature of man as the ultimate foundation. On the one hand they assert the superiority of *reason* over the non-rational. Then they turn around and subject reason to the rules prescribed by *nature* (i.e., the non-rational). I should like to see the professor wriggle out of that inconsistency. The Christian philosopher would suggest that nature binds the intellect and will of man to the extent that nature reflects Imminent and Transcendent Mind and Will.

FRANCIS E. MCMAHON.

The Stage & Screen

Johnny 2 x 4

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breaking were extended to every citizen; in airless cellar strongholds, bankers and débutantes rubbed shoulders with hijackers and assassins.

"Johnny 2 x 4" is a nostalgic tribute to one of those strongholds. It's all there: the bolted peep-hole door; the smoke haze; the tacky floor show; the midget dance floor; the bumptious collegians; the sucker from Ohio; the secret entrance for deliveries and quick escapes; the back-slapping proprietor; the romantic gangster at the next table. With the lush days, white ties begin to appear, and champagne takes the place of cut rye. Then comes Repeal, and it's chiefly empty tables and Ballantine's on Tap.

That's about all the plot there is. Rowland Brown, the author and producer, is a Hollywood scenarist, and might have been expected to fit a tight melodrama into his affectionate reproduction. But he has been content merely to indicate a few relationships: the debonair bootlegger and the pretty singer; the heart-of-gold streetwalker and the tap dancer; the hat-check girl and the torpedo; the sentimental proprietor and his gunman pal. Symbolically, the bootlegger loses his singer to Hollywood; the streetwalker loses her tap dancer to the whiteties; the proprietor loses his pal to a rival's bullets. That sounds a fair ration of action, but despite a cast of 70, the effect is static. The play tells us little more than we were told when the curtain first rose on Howard Bay's excellent setting.

Another of this season's plays, "Café Crown," likewise takes a restaurant as its protagonist, and is likewise deficient in drama. But its imaginative level is much superior, its characters richer and more engaging. It adds something to our experience, whereas "Johnny 2 x 4" merely exploits our experience. I wonder what the generation that has come of age since Repeal will get from it. Chiefly, I suspect, that their elder brothers and sisters were easily amused.

The casting is excellent. Jack Arthur is exactly the sort of person around whom successful restaurants are built. Barry Sullivan is a straphanger's dream of a dashing, boyish gangster. Blonde Evelyn Wyckoff, as the singer who went on to Hollywood, is attractive and theatrical. Bert Frohman lends convincing menace; a boy named Leonard Sues makes hot and sweet magic with a cornet; and Marie Austin is a winningly tough floor-show canary. The Yacht Club Boys are—well, are the Yacht Club Boys; perhaps you used to enjoy them. *(At the Longacre.)* DAVID BURNHAM.

Reap the Wild Movies

WHEN THE CRITICS were lukewarm in their praises of Cecil B. DeMille's last picture and the public flocked to "Northwest Mounted Police," anyway, the famous director-producer chortled: "With every DeMille picture, the critics' opinion of the American public sinks lower." Mr. DeMille must have been still chortling when he made *"Reap the Wild Wind"* exclusively for John Q. Public. How audiences will respond to this veteran moviemaker's latest thumbnosing of the critics will soon be known. For the benefit of those who are making up their minds, I should like to report (with timidity, of course) that the picture has a series of expertly staged technicolor tableaux; it has a series of very exciting climaxes including storm scenes, brawls, a courtroom harangue, a vicious shanghaiing, and finally an underwater fight, in which a giant squid attacks the two heroes, and which becomes the most thrilling event (esthetically and dramatically) in the whole film. It also has some handsome people like Paulette Goddard, John Wayne, Ray Milland, Robert Preston and Susan Hayward, and one first class, sneering villain, Raymond Massey, and miscellaneous other filmfolk as background and fillers-in. What it hasn't got is a plot that amounts to anything or a script that even tells intelligently what haphazard story there is. Adapted from the novel by Thelma Strabel, the picture relates an episodic tale of the 1840's, when storms, reefs and scavenger-wreckers along the Florida Keys almost succeeded in ruining America's shipping business. King Cutler (Massey) leads the piratical wreckers who prey on ships smashed by the storms and who wreck those that might otherwise get by safely. Heroine Loxi (not to be confused with Roxie of the current courtroom film) runs an honest salvage business and finds herself torn in love between Captain Jack (hard-berled Wayne) and dandified Stephen (Milland shows later he can raise his fists as well as his eyebrows). Through dark skies and wild gales, after many mistakes and misunderstandings, Loxi (Goddard with "a look in her eyes ten fathoms deep') finally makes her choice. The silliest scenes show Stephen throwing her into the ocean to stop her from marrying Jack. And the best scene is that exciting deep-sea fighting with the squid. But it's all in a day's work when one is reaping wild winds.

The Marines come in for some high glass glorification in opulent technicolor too. *"To the Shores of Tripoli"* was filmed mainly a the Marine Corps base at San Diego, and what Lamar Trotti's script lacks in story values is made up for in the rousing playing of the Marines' song and in the fine shots of the boys drilling. Darryl Zanuck's production is more likely to appeal to men than to women, not only because the only two girls concerned are lovely Maureen O'Hara, the nurse who falls for the hero, and lovely Nancy Kelly, the social butterfly who tries to persuade him to take a desk job in Washington, but also because the main interest throughout lies in the training, playing, sea maneuvers and loyalties of this stalwart, hard-fighting corps. Director Bruce Humberstone rightly emphasizes the male side of this men's domain as we follow the careers of several recruits, particularly that of our sullen hero, from the time the hard taskmaster, experienced Randolph Scott, takes the boys in hand until he leads them aboard their troopship on December seventh. John Payne is the resentful hero who is being put through the hard way; his father and Sergeant Scott are old buddies, and pa wants the sergeant to make something of his spoiled son, since no one else could. This doesn't speak so well for Culver, because Payne is supposed to be a product of that military academy. However, our handsome hero does show his metal when he's given a chance to drill his platoon and when he exhibits daring valor by saving Scott's life in some beautifully photographed shots

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of night target practice at sea. There is so much parading and drilling in this film one almost feels as if he's been put through the eight weeks' course himself. However in spite of all Payne's nonsense ("I rush in where sergeants fear to tread"), he comes through all right and will no doubt be a credit to his father, Sergeant Scott and the entire corps.

"Valley of the Sun" isn't quite the escapist Western you might expect. Director George Marshall couldn't decide whether he was making a slapstick comedy, a satire on rough and tumble, tough-shootin' West-in-the-sixties film, or a serious commentary on how badly this country mismanaged its Indian affairs. Since Mr. Marshall didn't have Abbott and Costello in his cast, he should have dropped the custard pie technique. It is somewhat disturbing to see a good dignified actor like Sir Cedric Hardwicke bopped on the head by a bunch of roughs. And it is disconcerting to see Dean Jagger and James Craig, handcuffed together, running during the big battle-and-massacre finale, and getting thrown when a post comes between them. Craig, a good-looking youngster, might be able to handle this kind of thing, but a dramatic actor like Jagger needs drama, not farce. The scene in which red ants are dropped down his back must have made him squirm—and not only because of the ants. Lucille Ball and Billy Gilbert are used to comedy so they weren't too unhappy with the requirements of the screenplay Horace McCoy wrote from Clarence Budington Kelland's story. Most of the Indians are the real thing and steal the picture with their dances and games. The most disturbing point is that we cannot forget that in this period they probably were cheated by just such an administrator as Jagger portrays.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Good Earth

Our Landed Heritage. Roy M. Robbins. Princeton. $5.00.

THIS BOOK, which Professor Robbins subtitles a study of the public domain, is, from any point of view, a remarkable piece of work. First, because it is done with such scrupulous care. A great deal of research has, very obviously, gone into it. Its scholarship is remarkable and beyond dispute. Second, because there are many things that are new in it. Third, because it is, clearly, the best single synthesis of the history of our public lands that we have.

Professor Robbins rightly maintains that his work is a study in American democracy. He is concerned with the manner in which our public lands have been dealt with by government, with how the government lost, and then slowly regained control over its own property,—with the laws regulating the use and exploitation of public lands. And above all with the means whereby these lands could be acquired by our citizens; and the fundamental question whether or not the land was to be held by free men, or by tenants, or by corporations. If ever there was a study of democracy this is it.

Professor Robbins divides his book into four phases. What he calls the formative period, from 1780 to 1850, when the individual pioneer took up the land, is the first period. The second dates from 1850 to 1862, when such individual occupation was challenged by corporate capital. The third extends from 1862 to 1901, a period of ruthless corporate exploitation of our land and its resources. Never, anywhere, had government been so lavish of its wealth. The final period runs to 1935. This was the period of conservation, and of the slowly emerging idea that the benefits of public domain ought actually to belong to the public.

The account, lavishly and painstakingly documented, of the details that allow of such broad characterization, is the burden of the book. Much of it, of course, is known to us—and much is not. Known or not, what continues to assault our unbelief is the incredible carelessness with which—until recently—government has permitted our land to be privately exploited. Mr. Robbins writes: "The fact is that much of the history of the national land system centers around the struggle between these two forces of squatterism and speculation, between the poor man and the man of wealth." In this struggle government was as often as ignorant as it was indifferent. Speculation, and not baseball, is purely the national pastime.

The establishment of the credit system, the relation between labor supply and land, the impact of sectionalism on our agrarian policy, preemption—these are some of the subjects treated. Mr. Robbins has, evidently, done special work on Horace Greeley, and includes fascinating material on the evolution of his agrarian policy. We note once more the peculiar deflecting power of slavery. For Mr. Robbins notes that, save for slavery, Land Reform might well have become a national issue in the forties. I note also as an example of Professor Robbins' care, research, imagination and power of integration, his chapter called "Luring the European." The chapter, too, on the opposition of slavocracy to Free Land is excellent.

Slowly does he build his arresting story through the policy of conservation, beginning with the first Roosevelt, and ending a policy of shameful and incredible neglect with the present administration. And here, as everywhere else, is emergent the wide range of mind, the care, and the democratic character of the present Mr. Roosevelt. With him America had really come of age. As Mr. Rexford Tugwell put it: "The day on which the

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President signed the Taylor Act, which virtually closed the public domain to further settlement, laid in its grave a land policy which had long since been dead and which walked abroad only as a troublesome ghost within the living world."

FRANCIS DOWNING.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Jews in a Gentile World. Isacque Graeber, Steuart Henderson Britt and others. Macmillan. $4.00.
Essays on Antisemitism. Edited by Koppel S. Pinson. Conference on Jewish Relations. New York. $2.00.

WHAT America needs most in the opinion of armchair strategists is a strong offensive against our foreign enemies. It might be argued with equal cogency that we need a more vigorous spirit in attacking the basic domestic problems which threaten the roots of our culture. It is becoming increasingly difficult for us to profess untinged idealism on the world stage, and remain complacent toward cracks in the democratic structure at home. It is painfully clear that victory in arms will not automatically repair these fissures. In fact, war aggravates these social ills and adds to the strains in the body politic. Experience and current observation both point to increased hostility to "racial" minorities as one ugly consequence of the present conflict. Certainly the cup of world tragedy is sufficiently full without explosive social conflict in this "citadel of democracy."

The question of anti-Semitism is only one of our pressing domestic issues, but it merits emphasis because of its international ramifications. For the historian and sociologist it is an absorbing topic that stubbornly resists accurate analysis. The survival of the Jewish group without a common territorial basis, common language or sovereign state, and with wide variation in physical type, culture and religion, is a challenge to the inquiring mind. Scattered, weak and divided, they have survived overwhelming pressure. The sources of their cohesion and durability, as well as the scope and intensity of the Gentile reaction, are not easily determined. In this field, the investigator must adopt the technique of the placer miner, sifting out tiny grains of truth in the swiftly flowing waters of time and the engulfing sands of popular prejudice.

"Jews in a Gentile World" is an ambitious attempt to study this complexity in the light of data from the social sciences. It is a compilation by recognized experts in a number of fields, over half of whom are non-Jews. Its ultimate purpose is practical: to decide "what we shall do and how we shall do it." Considerable light is cast on the various phases of the question, but the net result is to emphasize the wide disagreement of the experts. Every possible interpretation of the phenomenon finds refuge in the 400 odd pages, so that the volume might well be called an encyclopedia of diverse opinions on a difficult topic. One contributor frankly assumes that the subject defies rational analysis. Another reaches the amazing conclusion that the solution is for the Jew to abandon everything distinctively Jewish, to "become 100 per cent conformist," to relinquish his positions in some professions and lines of business, and while doing all this and more, to be careful not to arouse latent prejudice! And Miriam Beard, who in many respects contributes the most challenging chapter, argues that the customary "History of the Jews" that emphasizes their persecution is a distortion since it neglects the fact that the Jew as an alien business man merely suffered from the same handicaps that bore down on Gentiles in the same economic group.

Such wide diversity can be explained in part by the varying philosophic backgrounds of the contributors. But it underlines the inherent complexity of the problem. Far from being a distraction, it adds piquancy to the volume, and does not detract from its relevance. Two studies which employ the Lynd method of social analysis are particularly valuable.

"Essays on Anti-Semitism" is likewise a collaboration, but it moves along traditional lines. It contains brief sketches of Jewish life at specific periods, followed by analytic essays. The chapters are alike in theme and purpose, but vary in quality. The essay on the early Christian centuries seems overdrawn to this reviewer, while that on "The Jews in Medieval Law" is particularly well done. All of them are tinged with a spirit of defeatism, which is readily understandable, but is hardly conducive to mobilizing the resources of the Gentile world for a crusade against this moral evil. The volume is recommended as an introduction to one of our most pressing problems.

JOSEPH N. MOODY.

HISTORY

Thus Speaks Germany. W. W. Coole and M. F. Potter. Harper. $3.50.

THE THESIS of this book, according to its foreword, written by Hamilton Fish Armstrong, is that "nazi behavior is not a flash in the German pan, but the reflex of an old strain of endemic barbarism, methodically kept alive and developed . . . The Germans extol not mutuality but exclusiveness; their determination has been to acquire not a fair share in the good things of this world but to lay hold of the round world itself and all that is therein."

In seven weighty chapters, each of them prefaced by the respective thesis of the editors, very clear and blunt, two hundred years of quotations pass before our bewildered eyes dealing with the philosophical background, the chosen race complex, its political aims and the translation of these theories into practice in war, defeat and victory. The disposition is very thorough and shows that we have to do with a fully integrated system, built up through the centuries.

I do not think that even a minor witness for the editors' thesis has been neglected. Sometimes the will to achieve completeness has induced the editors to bring a less cogent witness in, in some cases there appears an unimportant crackpot, like the magazine *Heimdall*. Yet, on the whole the book is enlightening for a trend of thought which now bears its formidable fruit as the ideology which inspires young fanatics to battle and die for Hitler and which contributes greatly to making victim nations miserable.

Other nations may have had similar writers, like the Russian Pan-Slavists, the technocrats, the Action Française and a string of English imperialists. If their ideology had been seized by a powerful party under the circumstances which created Bismarck, Ludendorff and Hitler, would we find them doing similar things? Just look at Mussolini! Although I think that Hamilton Fish Armstrong's observations are right, one often wonders if none of the other nations would ever succumb to the same temptations.

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The book contains two very unpleasant surprises, one for the admirers of the very much over-rated Stresemann who, according to his own words, was not the great European he pretended to be, but just another shrewd and lying Machiavellian politician, and Julius Langbehn whom so many Catholics venerated as a spiritual leader. He was, although a convert, a racialist and imperialist and strongly anti-Semitic. That the writer of the "Decline of the West" should have dubbed Catholicism the "most dangerous" of the "two Bolshevisms" is interesting to know, and throws some light on the antecedents of the intelligentsia among the nazi Church haters.

It is also interesting to know that the most bitter critic of the last Kaiser, Maximilian Harden, was a bird of the same feather, when it came to the question of might or right, war or peace.

A fascinating chapter is the one treating the democratic camouflage of the official class operating within the Weimar Republic and the way in which this stage setting was gradually removed and finally kicked into the garbage can, while the last to understand this process were the true German democrats.

If you can't buy the book it will be good to scan through it in a library and offset some of the sentimental folk-propaganda about the nice, jolly beer and sausage German who wants nothing but singing sad songs with his Gretchen. You may find him in Wisconsin or Ohio, but not on the Rhine or Elbe, except in concentration camps or as a frightened individual living in his new spiritual ghetto. He is not the one who shapes Germany's destiny!

Yet hand-picked witnesses for a mad and cruel streak may be found in other, saner nations too. Far more enlightening for the author's thesis would have been to show what happened to those who opposed this eternal nazism: to men like Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster who was ostracized as early as the 1890's, Ossietzky who was tried under "democratic" rule and slowly murdered by nazis, Fr. Stratmann who is an unknown exile or even Heinrich Heine!

H. A. REINHOLD.

In the Groove

THE FINEST RECORDED compositions of the month come from a British ambulance driver and a Russian fire fighter—William Walton and Dimitri, Shostakovich. Walton's *Violin Concerto,* broad, virile, full of bright humors and orchestral sonorities, puts this young man decidedly in the front rank of living composers. It is well performed (Victor, three discs) by Jascha Heifetz, for whom it was written, with the Cincinnati Symphony conducted by Eugene Goosens.

Shostakovich's *Sixth Symphony,* played for Victor (nine sides) by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra, is in the same distinctive idiom, running the gamut from lyrical musing to peasant bumptiousness, as the composer's *Fifth.* As such, it seems to reveal Comrade Stalin as an unsuspected music critic. For the latter-day Shostakovich style results from his earlier fall from Soviet grace, when he was officially denounced as a tuneless "leftist." The *Sixth* is played to the hilt by Stokowski, who launched it in the US. Another Shostakovich work has been recorded by Columbia: his *Piano Quintet,* which won the 1940 Stalin prize of 100,000 rubles—certainly

Book Publishers Recommend for Spring Reading

CATHOLIC SEX MORALITY. By Dr. Rudolph Geis. Translated by Charles Bruehl, Ph.D. Sex Ethics is one of the most important and keenly debated problems of the present day. Dr. Geis shows that Catholic ethics alone—that is, an ethics that rests on a truly religious basis—can protect and preserve from the aberrations of the sex instinct. (Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., 53 Park Place, N. Y. C.) $1.25

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SAINTS AT PRAYER. By Raymond E. F. Larsson. No book known in English so inclusively traces the history of prayer since the birth of Jesus Christ as this compilation of the finest extant prayers written by the Saints or recorded by their own followers. (Coward-McCann) $2.50

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the biggest price ever paid for a piece of chamber music. Spacious, simple, of classic clarity, the *Quintet* is well done by Vivian Rivkin, pianist, and the Stuyvesant Quartet (Columbia, four discs).

Chopin's fifteen *Waltzes,* those elegant, often nervous and undanceable dances, are played in a crystalline Victor recording (seven discs) by Alexander Brailowsky, whose interpretation I prefer to the rather jittery one of Edward Kilenyi (Columbia) and the older, though otherwise acceptable, one of Alfred Cortot (Victor). Schumann's *Andante and Variations,* played on two pianos by Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson (Columbia, three sides), is your Victorian parlor music, to the last sigh, but not without charm. Rachmaninoff's *Concerto No.* 1, written in the 1890's but completely revised in 1917, gets its first recorded performance, by the composer with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy (Victor, three discs). These Rachmaninoff compositions, for all their honesty of purpose and craftsmanship, leave this listener cold. But there is doubtless a public for them, and here as in the others the recording and performance are authentic.

"The Voice of Glamorous Miliza Korjus"—such is Victor's label for its set of five coloratura airs by a sometime Hollywood blonde. The collection includes the "Mad Scene" from *Lucia di Lammermoor* and the sparkling *Una Voce Poco Fa* from *The Barber of Seville.* The lady sings accurately and altitudinously, and one wonders why—unless the voice is too small—she has not made the Metropolitan boards. For coloratura fanciers, fine. Singing of a much more serious intent is heard in Schumann's *Dichterliebe* (*Poet's Love*) cycle, by Lotte Lehmann with Bruno Walter at the piano (Columbia, eight sides). This is the first recorded collaboration of these two famous musicians, but Mme. Lehmann's voice, often strained, is incongruous in these songs of male love.

Brahms's powerful *Tragic Overture* is satisfactorily done by Frederick Stock and the Chicago Symphony (three sides, Columbia) but nothing new—it has been recorded before by Sir Thomas Beecham, Columbia, and Arturo Toscanini, Victor. Liszt's *Mefisto Waltz,* one of two compositions inspired by Nikolas Lenau's *Faust,* gets its first full recording—by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony (Victor, three sides). A biting, satanic work, with voluptuous moments, here finely played and recorded.

My favorite single disc of the month is Roland Hayes's singing of *Micheu Banjo,* a Louisiana folk song, and *Xango,* a Brazilian-African chant (Columbia). Captivating. The Ormandy-Philadelphia record (Victor) of the *Rosenkavalier Waltzes* is sonorous but sentimentalized. Berlioz's *Carnaval Romain Overture,* by John Barbirolli and the New York Philharmonic Symphony, is poorly recorded (Columbia). Arthur Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra play fetching arrangements of Stephen Foster's *Oh, Susannah!* (by Alan Shulman) and *Sally in Our Alley* (by Frank Bridge), on Victor. Grieg's *Elegiac Melodies, Heart Wounds* and *Last Spring* are unpleasantly inflated in the Dimitri Mitropoulos-Minneapolis Symphony performance on Columbia. Miscellaneous vocals: Tenor Jan Peerce, Soprano Dorothy Sarnoff, chorus and orchestra in the "Passover Scene" from Halévy's *La Juive* (Victor); Leonard Warren in the familiar baritone air of Valentine in *Faust,* and in Dapertutto's air from *Tales of Hoffman* (Victor); Risë Stevens in a mediocre version of Schumann's *Widmung* and two charming songs of Wolf, *In dem Schatten meiner Locken* and *Mausfallensprüchlein* (Columbia); Baritone Igor Gorin in hitherto unrecorded airs from Verdi's *Attila* and Goldmark's *Queen of Sheba* (Victor).

Best of the popular albums are two volumes of *Native Brazilian Music,* recorded under the supervision of Leopold Stokowski on his last South American trip (Columbia, eight discs). These contain songs, dances, chants of all sorts, with many delightful passages by native instrumentalists; highly recommended—although some descriptive data would have been welcome. Decca has two albums of entertaining Spanish music: *"The Kids from Seville"*—singing, castanets and heel-taps by Rosario and Antonio, two youngsters of the night clubs (three discs)—and *Flamenco Songs and Dances* by Carmen Amaya (three discs). Amaya, a tough, fiery gypsy, sings in a rough style which may not appeal to those who have not seen her in person.

Victor has issued a set of *Catholic Novena Hymns* (four discs), sung by the Paulist Choristers under the direction of Edward Slattery. Some of the titles are overly sentimental (e.g. *Good Night, Sweet Jesus; Mother Dearest, Mother Fairest*), and the diction is none too clear, but the singing is good.

Among the single popular discs is Count Basie's *Harvard Blues* (Okeh), in which Jimmy Rushing takes the vocal chorus mentioning Harvard's celebrated Rinehart, an obscure undergraduate whose name used to be a tocsin for rioting. A good blues tune with amusing lyrics. *Somebody Loves Me,* the song popularized by Ella Fitzgerald, has been recorded by Benny Goodman. With skilfully executed solos by Goodman and a vocal by Peggy Lee, it is by far the best recording of this song, and one of Goodman's best recent discs. *Barrelhouse Bessie from Basin Street* (Decca), sung by Eddie Miller with Bob Crosby's band, tells of a singer named Bessie who met "a frail and a travelin' musician"—with fine Dixieland band backing, and Irving Fazola on the clarinet.

Every year jazz lovers eagerly await the recording of the Metronome All Star Band, selected by popular vote. Every year the crack, hand-picked band sounds worse than ever before. The latest recording, *I Got Rhythm* (Columbia), features such individually fine musicians as Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Count Basie, John Kirby and J. C. Higginbotham. But as an ensemble, due perhaps to lack of rehearsals or to their competing for the spotlight, they fail to deliver.

One of the prime objections against jazzing the classics is that usually it isn't jazz—rather, it's a sugar-coating with saxophones and electric guitars. Erskine Butterfield turns in an exceptional version of the much-abused Tchaikovsky piano concerto *Boogie de Concerto* (Decca). He throws away all but the basic melody and around this structure builds fascinating boogie-woogie figures. The war songs continue lowly—a childish, petulant one by Frankie Masters, *The Sun Will Soon Be Setting on the Land of the Rising Sun* (Okeh), and the phony morale-boosting *We've Got to Do a Job on the Japs, Baby,* by Art Jarrett (Victor). That fine, trend-setting tune, *Blues in the Night,* has several new versions, among them a shouting one by Joe Turner and a tamer one by Bing Crosby (both Decca). And for Decca, sweet-voiced Maxine Sullivan sings the song with which *Blues in the Night* is currently being compared—*St. Louis Blues.* On the other side, *My Blue Heaven.*

C. J. BALLIETT, JR.

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The Inner Forum

Japanese Oceania

THE current issue of *Catholic Missions* points out that that the territory covered by the term Oceania is so vast that the longest straight line that can be drawn in it—from the northeast tip of Sumatra to the island of Sala off the coast of Chile—is 9,450 miles long. It is a vast field for missionary enterprise.

The largest in water area and smallest in land area in this whole far-flung area is the Caroline island group. It is directly north of New Guinea, New Britain, New Ireland and the Solomons. When some Caroline islanders were wrecked in the Philippines in 1696, they were hospitably received and became interested in the Faith. These natives arranged 87 pebbles of various sizes on a table so that the first map of the Carolines could be drawn. Within the next twenty-five years four separate attempts by Jesuit missionaries to reach the islands ended in failure because of raging storms. Late in the nineteenth century Leo XIII decided a dispute referred to him by Bismarck in favor of Spain and Spanish Capuchins undertook evangelization there. At the turn of the century Spain sold the islands to Germany and the missions were transferred to German Capuchins. Japan seized the Carolines in the first World War and there were no priests until Spanish Jesuits came in 1921. Catholics now represent almost half the population.

Jesuit missionaries first landed in the Marianne Islands, north of the Carolines, in 1668. They made a promising start, but a shipwrecked Chinese Buddhist incited the chiefs against the missionaries, a number of whom were killed in the next few years. German Jesuits came and met a similar fate. But the Jesuits persevered and were followed by Augustinians and in 1921 again by Spanish Jesuits. Before the present war outside the island of Guam 4,300 of the 4,700 non-Japanese were Catholics; on Guam itself the proportion was 19,045 out of 22,800.

Catholic missionary activity in the Marshall Islands did not begin until the end of the nineteenth century. And in 1905 a cyclone destroyed most of the church buildings. It is a blow from which the mission there has never recovered. In 1939 Catholics numbered 839 out of a population of 10,000. The same year the Japanese living on all these island groups slightly outnumbered the natives.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rev. James G. MURTAGH is an associate editor of the weekly review *Advocate*, of Melbourne, Australia. He is also national secretary of the Pontifical Mission Aid Society. At the present time he is studying sociology at the Catholic University of America.

Evelyn WAUGH is an English novelist and Catholic who also has written a life of Blessed Edmund Campion.

Joanne DIMMICK is a Chicago poet.

Lucie B. HICKMAN and *Katherine H. WILLIS* are both residents of Wilmington, Del., and are employees of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.

Fray Angelico CHAVEZ is not only a poet of distinction, but is also skilled as a painter and is at present constructing with his own hands an alteration to the mission church of which he is pastor.

Francis DOWNING teaches history at Fordham University.

Rev. Joseph N. MOODY is at present serving as a Naval Chaplain.

Rev. H. A. REINHOLD is now assistant in Yakima, Washington.

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